

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 21.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1809.

NO. 1063.

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE

(In Continuation.)

WHEN the first emotions of grief and horror had subsided, and Magdalena's heart no longer prevented her better judgment from exercising its influence, she regretted bitterly her having exposed her feelings so plain before her lord.—She was well aware, that with his temper, reproaches could only serve to exasperate his passions; and unqualified opposition, to confirm him in a course of error. With the dawn of morning, therefore, she hastened to his chamber, determined to remove, as much as possible, the impression which she had left on his mind at their last parting. She wished to soothe the agonies of his bleeding conscience, to convince him, gently and gradually, that all these mischiefs arose from the long-subsisting and unnatural enmity of the two houses; and, if possible by using the gentlest persuasion, to win from him a consent, that the occurrence of similar disasters should be prevented by the union of Blanche and Osbright, and consequently of the dearest interests of the two families. But her good intentions were frustrated; she was refused admittance to Rudiger, who passed the next four and twenty hours in the solitude of his chamber, alternately execrating himself and others, and passing by turns from the depth of the blackest gloom, to the extreme of the wildest fury.

No one but Wilfred was suffered to approach him; nor would he quit his chamber, till informed of the arrival of Eugene, whom, (though his wound was not mortal,) it had been at first judged imprudent to remove from the monastery of St. John. Though he had hitherto endeavoured to conceal it even from himself, partly through prudence, partly through pride, it was, in truth, this unacknowledged boy who possessed the whole paternal love of Rudiger.—The difference of his sensations towards him and Osbright, partook of those which he had felt towards their respective mothers. His esteem, his admiration were bestowed in the highest degree on Magdalena; but his heart had never melted with love but for the unhappy Agatha. Osbright was his heir, was a hero; he was fond of him, but on Eugene he doated. In the one, he prized the tran-mitter of that name, which was so precious to his vanity; but he cherished Eugene for his own sake. It is true, if he had been asked "which of the youths should perish?" he would have sacrificed Eugene without a moment's hesitation; for, in the bosom of Rudiger, pride ever bore a sway far superior to that of tenderness; but had he been asked "which of them he could consent never to see again?" he would have felt as little hesitation in answering "Osbright;" nor, perhaps, would have felt very deeply the deprivation though the being his heir was the strongest

claim to his attention. Still the affection, that he must be his heir, made Rudiger entertain some little jealousy towards him; and in the presence of Osbright, the father's self-love felt painfully wounded by being sensible, that the perfections of his son made the defects of his own character appear in a more glaring light. On the other hand, he saw in Eugene a poor defenseless being, whom he had brought into a world of sorrow, where his lot was hard, and against whose difficulties he was ill-calculated to struggle; he pitied him for his destitute situation, and he loved him for his likeness to his wretched mother. In short, Eugene was dearer to him than Osbright; but the pride of blood was a thousand times dearer to him than either. He would have sacrificed his own life to preserve Eugene's; but he would have sacrificed Eugene's as well as his own, to preserve in Osbright the future Count of Frankheim.

No sooner was he informed of the youth's arrival, than he hastened to visit him; but he had scarcely past the threshold of his chamber, when Magdalena stood before him. He started back, and a deep gloom darkened all its features. In vain did she address him in the most soothing language, and endeavour to extenuate the atrocity of Ottokar's murder; he listened in silence, and only replied by a look of scornful incredulity. In vain did she recant the too hasty declaration of her sentiments towards him, and assure him of her undiminished affection: the bending of his head with constrained politeness, and a smile of the bitterest irony, was the only manner in which he express'd his gratitude. His coldness hurt, and his sullenness alarmed her. Her eyes filled with tears; she motioned to take his hand, and press it to her lips: but he drew it back, haughtily and gloomily, and passing her without uttering a word, proceeded to the chamber of Eugene.

But no comfort awaited him there. He found the wretched youth tortured by one of his most violent paroxysms. He raved incessantly of his mother and of the murdered Joscelyn; of the lovely cruel Blanche, and happy hated Osbright. Every word which fell from his lips, either tore open a scarcely healed wound in his father's bosom, or inflicted upon it a new one. Rudiger listened with horror and remorse to the recapitulation of the poor Agatha's injuries and suffering; the mention of Joscelyn's murder rekindled in his heart the flames of vengeance against Gustavus; but when he learnt from Eugene's ravings, that the child of that very Gustavus was likely to become his daughter-in-law; that she, whose fatal beauty had robbed his darling son of his reason, and almost of his life, had also fascinated the affections of his son and heir; and that the proud name of Frankheim was destined to be perpetuated through a descendant of the detested race of Orrenberg; no sooner was this discovery made to him, than his surprise, his alarm, his indignation, were extreme, extravagant, and ungovernable. He rushed from Eugene's apartment, hastened to that of Magdalena, and entering abruptly, assailed her at once with such a storm of passion, threats, of vows of vengeance against Blanche and Osbright, against herself if he should find

her privy to her son's attachment, that it was long before the Countess could discover the origin of his frantic behaviour.

But when she did discover it, she found all efforts to appease his fury totally unavailing.—On the contrary, the attempt to sooth him, and the bare suggestion of the advantages likely to result from Osbright's attachment, only served to increase his passion; and after loading his wife with the bitterest reproaches, he was rushing from the chamber, when his eye rested on a letter, which in her agitation had fallen from her bosom unobserved. At the same moment with her lord, she also had perceived the paper; with a cry of horror she hastily caught it from the ground; but Rudiger had recognized his son's hand-writing, and Magdalena's evident alarm convincing him that it contained some mystery, and that a mystery of no slight importance, he rudely forced the letter from her.—One half, however, remained in the hands of the Countess, and she hastened to conceal its contents from discovery, by throwing it into a brazier, which was burning on the hearth.

It was Osbright's letter, which Father Peter had delivered not an hour before. Pale and trembling with passion, Rudiger read the avowal of his son's love for Blanche express in the most glowing terms, his urgent entreaties that Magdalena would prevail on his father to consent to their union, and his confession, that for several days he had remained in concealment at the cell of Father Peter. He also mentioned, that he was to have an interview that evening, and here the letter broke off. The object of that interview, the place of rendezvous, the precise time of meeting, these points were contained in the burnt part of the letter; and on these points the alarmed Magdalena resolutely refused to give any information. Threats and entreaties were employed in vain; and having placed guards at her chamber door, lest she should make Osbright aware that his incensed father was apprised of the intended meeting, Rudiger left her, to meditate on the most certain means of getting the defenceless Blanche in his power.

Wilfred was summoned to his chamber; but the Seneschal refused his assistance, till assured that his lord's designs aimed at the liberty, but not at the life of Blanche; though perhaps had he reasoned justly, he would have known, that with a man like Rudiger, whose passions were so impetuous, and who was ever swayed by the impulse of the moment, her liberty once lost, her life could not for one instant be secure.—However, at present Rudiger's object was, by getting Blanche into his hands, to prevent the possibility of her marriage with Osbright, and to inflict the bitterest agony on Gustavus, by making him tremble with every minute for the life of his darling daughter. He also fancied, that her presence might be of great efficacy in restoring Eugene to his senses; but he swore with dreadful imprecations, that if she failed to produce that beneficial effect, she should be the lunatic's only nurse and continual attendant, and should pass the remainder of her existence in witnessing the frantic transports of the wretch whom her fatal charms had ruined.

"Such being his avowed objects, Wilfred made no longer any scruple of giving his advice. It was accordingly agreed, that St. John's Chapel should be watched; that Osbright should be followed to the place of rendezvous; and that Rudiger should hasten thither with a small body of chosen men, to seize and convey Blanche to the Castle of Frankheim—But Wilfred (who dreaded the resentment of his young Lord, should he be known to have had any hand in this business, and in whose power he should be left entirely after Rudiger's decease) stipulated, that every possible means should be used to surprise the lady, either previous to her meeting with Osbright, or after she had parted from him, but not while the lovers were together. By taking this precaution, he trusted that Osbright would be kept in ignorance of the persons, by whom his mistress had been carried off; all resistance on his part would also be precluded, which otherwise was likely to be very desperate and dangerous to the assailants; and it might even be possible to conceal from him, that the scene of his mistress's captivity was the castle of his own father.

To these stipulations Rudiger readily consented; and every thing being now arranged, he waited with the utmost impatience for the information, that Osbright had set forward from the Chapel of St. John.

(To be Continued.)

M. DE CAMUS.

This nobleman, in his 'Politics of France,' a little tract addressed to Louis XIV. says, 'It would be right to use means that women, and even those of the highest rank, should not esteem it a disgrace to be unskillful in working at their needles, embroidery &c. This would very forcibly fix their thoughts and busy them to a good purpose. I shall say no more of women, imitating Lycurgus, and after him Aristotle, who both conceived it impossible to give them rules, as their tempers were so haughty they could endure none. This is more to be excused in French women than in others: they have a just claim to the title of mistresses, since they may glory upon a better title than that of the Spartan dames of old, that they give birth to men who are capable of rendering themselves, by their valour conquerors of the earth.'

'It seems to me a great fault' adds the Marquis 'that young women should be permitted to marry too early. They prejudice their health by their precocity in that state, and exhaust their strength before they have attained to it completely. Trees that are made to bear fruit before their time, soon cease to bear any at all. Children are less strong in proportion to the earliness of their parents' marriages. How can the parents give that to their children which they do not possess themselves. Besides, at a very early age, neither men nor women know their duty, and hence it happens that the marriages of very young persons are seldom attended with any great happiness. How can they take care of their domestic affairs, who are hardly able to take care of their own persons. How can they govern their children, to whom the laws hardly allow a power of governing themselves?'

MAXIMS.

A competent estate, well husbanded, is better than a vast patrimony neglected.

Hypocrites regard nothing but shew: God, nothing but truth.

Falseness is oftentimes more clamorous than truth. The voluntary services of hypocrites are many times more painful than the duties enjoined by God.

In all achievements, the difficulty of the enterprise makes way for the glory of the action.

Victory is to be achieved, not to be sworn; future events are no matter of an oath.

A Godless man may be careless, but cannot be otherwise than cowardly.

He that wanders in the maze of falsehood, shall pass by the good that he would meet, and meet the evil that he would shun.

A liar is a public nuisance; he disheartens belief, makes reality suspected, and an honest man a stranger to another.

Innocence is without art; and those that are true in life, are true in language.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO JULIA FRANCESCA.

SWEET nymph! of the soul-soothing line,
Whose numbers did rapture impart;
Whose sense, wit, and beauty combine
To captivate every heart.

On the wings of the wind would I fly,
To alleviate JULIA'S WOE;
Every art of fond love would I try,
Ere forced from thy presence to go.

But, alas! all my efforts are vain,
Thy heart to another was given;
My portion is sorrow and pain,
And the end of it known but to Heaven.

Ingratitude! foul, ugly fiend,
Thy tenderness too does assail;
O! may then Religion befriend,
Where true love and sympathy fail.

And soon may JULIA cease her mournful strain—
For JULIA'S grief redoubles HENRY'S pain.
HENRICUS.

SONNET.

WHERE the hoarse waves rush bounding 'gainst the shore,
Where shrieks the screech owl's melancholy voice,
Where the bleak winds in loud defiance roar,
Where horror reigns—that spot shall be my choice.

Oh, sleep! soft soother of the grief worn breast,
Oh health! bright jewel of the labouring hind,
Oh hope! dear charmer of the mind distressed,
Oh precious blessings, where may I thee find.

Hope, sweet sustainer, art thou fled!
Oh Charlotte, pour the balsam in my heart.
Then sleep once more shall rest my aching head,
And blushing health her cheering sweets impart.

THE LORD'S PRAYER,

PARAPHRASED.

FATHER of all! who dwell'st above!
Thy praises we proclaim:
To thee be endless fear and love;
All-hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come: thy will be done
On earth, as 'tis in Heaven;
In every realm beneath the sun,
To thee be glory given.

Grant us, Oh thou who cloth'st the field!
This day our daily bread;
As we to others mercy yield,
On us thy mercy shed.

Permit not in temptation's road
Our heedless steps to stray;
Free us from evil's dire abode,
And guide us on our way.

For ever above all to tower,
For ever bright to shine,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
And endless glory thine.

From the Providence American.

There is much point and elegance in the following

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

JULIA, in this glass you see
Her, who is adored by me,
Oh! that in it, I could view,
The happy man beloved by you!

ELLIVOR.

A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

— Ah! how cold the wind blows! said a tall female as she descended from a white cliff which overhung the sea. I raised my eyes wistfully to her face. I saw it was traced by the tear of beauty, and not by the tear of misery. The fresh breeze blew through her loose garments, and cast her brown hair in disordered but beautiful masses, over her naked bosom her eyes were sweet and blue, but they rolled with the quickness of frenzy as she approached. 'Who are you?' asked I, with emotion, taking her hand within mine. 'They call me Wild Elinor!' answered she, in a soft but hurried voice, eyeing some flowers 'I am very poor—I have no home—I have lost my lover—'

'Beneath yon wave,
Is Edwin's grave!'

repeated she in a musical tone. 'But come back with me and see it. I strew it every day with flowers, and weep sometimes. But—I can't now!' She stopped, and sighed, then putting her hand to her breast—'I am very unhappy, stranger!—Oh, my breaking heart!' Her voice died away. I thought reason beamed in her eyes, as she sunk on the sod. I stopped to raise her falling frame. She lifted her large orbs towards me with silent gratitude—a soft bloom spread over her pallid cheek; and, articulating 'Edwin!' fell lifeless on the earth.

'Thy gentle spirit is now at rest!' said I, bending pensively over her clay. 'But oh! what agonies must have torn thy heart, luckless maid! when returning reason shewed thee all thy wretchedness, and when that wretchedness cut the thread of thy existence! Cold, cold is the loveliest form of nature! closed is the softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine! That form must now moulder in the dust! that eye must no longer open on the world!' The tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth beside her corps: the warm drops of sensibility washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved with agony. I was a man, and I gloried in my tears.

ANECDOCE OF GIBSON.

IN A LETTER OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

I hear from Lausanne that Mr. Gibon has been settled there for some time, and is extremely well received. He is, they tell me, grown so prodigiously fat, that he walks with great difficulty: yet, with this figure, and his strange face, M. Gibon is infinitely gallant, and is fallen in love with a beautiful woman, Madame de Crouzas. One day, finding himself with her tête-à-tête for the first time, and desirous of availing himself of so favourable a moment, he fell suddenly on his knees, and made a declaration of his flame in the most passionate terms.—Madame de Crouzas replied in a manner sufficiently repulsive to discourage every temptation to renew the scene and Mr. Gibon, appeared very much embarrassed, but he nevertheless retained his prostrate attitude; and notwithstanding Madame's repeated invitation to reseat himself on his chair he was motionless, and silent. 'But, Sir,' repeated Madam de Crouzas, 'rise, I beseech you!—' Alas! Madame, at length answered this unfortunate lover, 'I am not able.' In truth, the corpulence of his person, totally impeded the possibility of recovering his legs without assistance. Madame de Crouzas then rang the bell and desired the servant to help Mr. Gibon to rise.

A story is at present in circulation which contributes greatly to amuse the Ladies and Gentlemen of *haut ton*. After the late investigation in the House of Commons a certain illustrious Personage was having a conversation with the Lady under his protection, on the subject of withdrawing the bond by which she holds her annuity, and of allowing her the sum in another way: whereupon the Lady tore off the bottom of a play-bill, which happened to lie on her table, and presented it to her *cher ami*, who, on perusing the scrap, found it to contain the following laconic sentence—'No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up.'

London Paper.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

To a Gentleman who ridiculed the idea of the Ghoul
in the last New Play.

When Shakespeare wrote in days of yore,
Pourtraying ghosts and spirits,
Deriving charms from Fancy's store,
We all admire his merits.

In latter days, in flames so blue,
Monk Lewis boldly sends 'em;
Terrific demons brings to view,
And in a blaze he ends 'em.

Then pray forbear! From history's page
I drew the silly fiction;
Read Clarendon*, then vent your rage
On his Lordship's ghostly diction!

JULIA FRANCESCA.

* The re-appearance of Sir George Villiers is copiously related by Lord Clarendon, in his history of Charles I. It is likewise mentioned by other Historians, particularly Bernard and Rapin.

From an Old Magazine.

AN OLD SONG.

WRITTEN BY AN OLD MAN.

When I went a courting,
Oh! there was such sporting,
The girls had no tricks for to tease you;
If you'd ask one, ad's life,
If she'd make you a wife,
She'd curtsey and say, 'If it please you.'

But now they're such stuff,
It is not enough
For a man to be honest and civil;
Who'e'er would succeed
With the gossips, has need
To flatter and lie like the devil.

tearing off roofs, throwing down chimnies, bursting the sides of houses, and completely razing some to the ground—buoying aloft the shattered fragments—shingles, boards, timber, and large pieces of roofs of houses, floating, promiscuously thro' the air, assailing some new, strong brick buildings, wrenching out the sides or ends as they happened to be attacked. The Academy, a new brick building with a strong frame steeple, was thrown down below the first story. By accounts received, it has done much damage to the houses, cabins, fences, fruit-trees, and timber of the adjacent country for a considerable distance.

June 7.—In the history of melancholy accidents we seldom find a parallel with the following.

On Sunday morning, the 28th ult. Mr. Isaac Simpson of Milton township, Butler county, went into his well for the purpose of taking up a bucket which had fallen in the evening previous.—Having been down some time, his wife went to see what detained him and on looking into the well, discovered only the crown of his head above water. Terrified and distressed, she ran to her father's (Mr. Mathias Richardson,) a quarter of a mile; who with his two sons immediately hastened to her assistance. The eldest being more active got to the well first and went down; when his father and brother came up they discovered him in the bottom of the well motionless—Mr. Richardson was then going down himself when the youngest son urged that he was most able to render assistance; and having almost reached the bottom of the well fell back and expired. Mr. Richardson now supposed that there was a damp in the well, and let down a candle which immediately went out, and a fowl let down with it, died instantly.—The bodies were immediately drawn up by means of hooks and ropes; but every exertion to recover them proved abortive.

Accident.—On Monday last, as Mr. David Maynard, of Royalton, and others, were felling timber, when cutting in a dry hemlock tree, leaning against another of the same description, the one in which they were cutting broke off near the middle, by reason of which the top part was precipitated back towards the stump, and struck Mr. Maynard with such violence, that he languished about four hours, and expired.

Vermont Pap. June 12.

Nassau, (N. Providence,) May 20—During a thunder storm on the afternoon of Wednesday last, the brig Princess Charlotte, laying in the harbour, was struck by lightning, which carried away the top-gallant mast shivered the main-mast, the main-sail, one of the pumps, knocked in the bulk head and went through the vessel two feet under water; fortunately assistance was rendered soon after the accident, and the vessel prevented from sinking, as the water was rushing forcibly in through the aperture which the lightning made. A number of people where on board at the time, we are, however, happy in stating that none received any injury.

A machine has recently been invented by a hatter in Walpole, New-Hampshire, for cutting fur from the pelt, by the help of which one person will cut more fur than five will in the usual method. This valuable improvement is recommended to the liberality of the Hat-Manufacturers in the United States, as one eminently entitled to their patronage. The inventor has obtained a patent for this machine.

The city inspector reports the death of 48 persons, (of whom 18 were men, 6 women, 7 boys, and 17 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of abscess 1, cancer 1, casualty 1, consumption 12 convulsions 5, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 1, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 4, dysentery 1, inflammatory fever 1, intermittent fever 1, hives 3, jaundice 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, pleurisy 3, scrofula 1, small pox 1, still born 3, suicide in a fit of insanity 1, and 1 of whooping cough.

The case of casualty was Mr. George Schmelzer, as mentioned in our last Museum.

The drowned persons were James M'Geehan, a native of Ireland, aged 26 years; James Formentor from New-Rochelle, aged 25; a man unknown, who were drowned in the river; and a child of 2 years old, by falling into a cask of rain water.

On Thursday about 4 o'clock, a very severe storm of thunder and lightning was experienced in this city. The lightning struck the chimney of Mr. Ogden's house, in Pearl-street, near Coenties-Slip, and the Chimney of Mr. John M'Adams store, at the head of Old-Slip,—but without doing any material injury.

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 31.—On Sunday the 28th, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, was experienced the most violent tornado ever known by the oldest inhabitants of this town: twisting off trees or tearing them up by the roots—

COURT OF HYMEN.

How sweet the commerce of delight,
That sympathetic spirits move;
How sweet the mystic ties unite,
Youth's mutual breast in magic Love!

MARRIED,

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Sylvester Pier, of this city, to Miss Deborah Charlck, daughter of Mr. Henry Charlck, of Fishkill.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. John M'Mead, of Savannah, (Georgia) to Mrs Charlotte B. Osborne, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Turner, merchant, of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abel, Mr. Thomas Van Antwerp, to Miss Gertrude Heyer, both of this city.

At the friends meeting house, in this city, on Wednesday last, Mr. Joseph S. Coates, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Robinson, daughter of William T. Robinson, of this city.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Ebenezer Rutland, to Miss Elizabeth Mercer.

At Providence, Rhode Island, on Sunday May the 28th by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. William Rily, to Miss Mary Hill, daughter of Mr. Christopher Hill.

By the Rev. Mr. McCormick, Mr. John Smith, to Miss Catherine Way, both of Alexandria.

In Birmingham, Eng. Mr. Eleazer White aged 81, to Miss Lucinda Beckford aged 17. What is very remarkable, the usual inducement, CASH, on the aged side, did not operate in this case. He is poor; and she will shortly be mistress of a handsome fortune. She loved him for himself alone; and she esteemed him because he was venerable in years.

MORTALITY.

All human joys are subject to decay,
This life is like a tender fading flower,
Which blooms in beauty but to drop away,
Beauty, the transient blessing of an hour.

DIED,

At Philadelphia, on Tuesday last, in the 72d year of his age. Capt. Wm. Allen, for many years Health-Officer for that port.

Deaths in the city of Philadelphia, last week, adults 18, children 27—Total 45.

Elegant accomplishment in the most beauteous display of the vegetable kingdom.

WILLIAM LOVEBOROUGH, PROFESSOR OF WAX-WORK

NO. 77, CHATHAM-STREET,
Presents his most respectful services to the Fair Daughters of America, and informs them, that he teaches Wax-Work, either in the taking of Likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the earth, with their respective foliage, from the creeping Strawberry, to the high and lofty Anana. He also instructs in the making of Artificial Flowers, and various ornaments in Rock and other works; with the method of making moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired.—Artificial Deserts, of every description, on the most reasonable terms. Roses and Fruit Trees ornamented, so as to deceive the eye at the shortest distance.

His terms for learning the above accomplishments are but ten dollars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours a day.

Old cases of Wax-Work taken in exchange; and the highest price given for sea-shells.

June 10

1060—4t

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
An Apprentice to the Printing Business. None need apply unless well recommended. Inquire at this Office.

May 13.

CISTERNS

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tight by C. ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

TORTOISE SHRELL COMBS,

FOR SALE
IN SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON.

At the sign of the Golden Rose,

NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Laidies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to

March 11. 1047—6m.

DISSIPATED YOUTH RECLAIMED.

I met, as near the forest skirts I strayed,
A remnant of a man; woing the gloom
Of twilight shade, congenial to his soul.
He threw aside a look of wild reproach,
That seemed to say, "avant unkind intruder,
These haunts are consecrated to Despair!"
Then turning, sought the bosom of the wood.
I followed him about; and oft observed
His comely, though emaciated form,
Alternate, gliding beneath the hemlock boughs.
Or slowly climbing over the craggy steep.
At length 'neath a huge and sheiving rock
He sat him down, in high projecting brow
A hemlock met, whose thick entangled limbs
Flung o'er the ground beneath sombre shade—
And near the root in subterraneous course,
A gushing streamlet flowed, whose hollow sound
Rose through the crannies of the broken earth.
"Fit temple of despair!" he said; and then
With eyes that gleam'd a sulken sullenness,
He viewed the gloomy scene. "Here, haggard friend,
Thou sit'st enthroned in ghastly majesty—
Here will I raise an altar and thereon
Lay these weak limbs, a wretched sacrifice!"
Then from his bosom he a phial drew,
And viewed it with a grim hysterick smile—
"O! precious draught!" he said—"thou art to me,
Like a confidant to a thirsty pilgrim—
Thy cordial power shall butt the rankling pain
That wrings my tortured heart!" Then to his lips
He mis'd, with eager hand, the deadly potion.
Hold! wretched man! I cried—and rushing forth,
Seized his rash hand—while with a ghastly stare,
He eyed me, an evil genius, sent
To cross the fondest purpose of his soul!
His cheeks were lean and hagard, and he seemed
A wretched man, a monument of woe!
(I saw him once in happier days, when joy
Beamed in each feature, and the admiring world
Deny'd him not the early wreath of fame—
But, in a sanguine moment of his youth,
Fell dissipation led his steps astray—
Then did not friend with mild solicitude,
Reach out a gentle hand, to stay his course,
Or to restore him to the path of virtue,
Then, torn and desolute, he keenly felt
The scorn of an uncharitable world;
Whose cold reproach, and fi'own contemptuous

weighed.
His spirits down, and drove him to despair!
I pressed his hand, and with a tender smile
Proffer'd my service—and, while yet I spake,
I saw a tear roll down his faded cheek,
Which was a stranger there; for scorching grief
Had dried, long since the moisture of his eyes.
And then methought I saw a gleam of hope,
Born in a languid smile, illuminate his face—
A gradual increasing smile, which seemed
To sanctify his path—his sorrows soothed, and paus'd
He serenades my ear—and blesses oft
The guardian power that led my curious steps
To the intended scene of self destruction.
Now I do feel more pain, in having thus
Restored a youngh. from misery and vice
To virtue's path—his sorrows soothed, and paus'd
The balm of friendship on his wounded heart—
Pluck'd from his breast the canker of despair,
And planted hope's delighful promise there,
That I should feel for rule the state alone,
Or wade, through bleeding millions, to a throne!

CHARLES SPENCER,

CONFECTONER.

Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has removed to No. 318, Broadway, opposite the City hotel, where he carries on his business in its various branches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve public patronage. Families supplied with Plumcake icced and neatly ornamented—Teas-cakes of every description—Pyramids, Ice cream, Blinches-monge, Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to March 11. 1047—6m.

RICHARD MULHERAN.

Has for sale at his stores, No. 12 Peck's Slip, and at Greenwich, opposite the State Prison Barracks, a neat assortment of Dry Goods, consisting of Superfine and Second Cloths, Cassiniers, Swansdowns, Flannels, Cotton Cassiniers, Russia Diapers, Cotton Umbrels, Black and White Cambrie Muslins, Calicoes Furniture Dimittis, India Lustriings, Cotton and Thread Laces, Blue and White Gurrals, Marmodes, Cotton Cards, &c. which he will sell on moderate terms for cash.

Q The store at Greenwich will continue open till the first of November.

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 156, Broadway, where he sells a continuation of their cut ton, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his attention to business, will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrival from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Earrings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins Bracelets and Rings on hand.

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Pans and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives; Tortoise-shell Dressing and Fine Combs, Pens, Penswicks, Best White-cane Needles in Quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins Bracelets and Rings on hand.

January 28. 1041—6f.

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

BY MISS GUNNING,
ALSO
THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;
OR,
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP
FOR
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S
SUPPER.

JUST RECEIVED
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE EXILE OF EKIN,
A NEW NOVEL,
BY MISS GUNNING.

THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;
OR,
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP
FOR
THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S
SUPPER.

JUST IMPORTED,
HAIR SEATING FOR COVERING
CHAIRS AND SETTEES,
AS LOW AS IN NEW-YORK. For sale at No. 237, Water-Street, New-York.

JOHN L. POST.

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.
PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

May 27 1058—tf

We have often read with rapture the poetry of the ingenuous SULLIVAN O'DOWD. He unites in a good degree the precision of诗 and the sympathetic touches of Couper, and the simple human nature of Shakespeare. In 1804, many fugitive pieces were published from his pen among which was the following. Extract from an unfinished Dramatic Manuscript. We have secured with the assistance for new editions of his muse. It is suspected the destruction of domestic and confidential safety, conseruance on some few or twelve months time, prisonment in Connecticut, has suspended his hero upons the weeping willow. He is now a Lieutenant of dragoons in the United States service. N. H. Pat.

A DISSIPATED YOUTH RECLAIMED.

I met, as near the forest skirts I strayed,
A remnant of a man; woing the gloom
Of twilight shade, congenial to his soul.
He threw aside a look of wild reproach,
That seemed to say, "avant unkind intruder,
These haunts are consecrated to Despair!"
Then turning, sought the bosom of the wood.
I followed him about; and oft observed
His comely, though emaciated form,
Alternate, gliding beneath the hemlock boughs.
Or slowly climbing over the craggy steep.
At length 'neath a huge and sheiving rock
He sat him down, in high projecting brow
A hemlock met, whose thick entangled limbs
Flung o'er the ground beneath sombre shade—
And near the root in subterraneous course,
A gushing streamlet flowed, whose hollow sound
Rose through the crannies of the broken earth.
"Fit temple of despair!" he said; and then
With eyes that gleam'd a sulken sullenness,
He viewed the gloomy scene. "Here, haggard friend,
Thou sit'st enthroned in ghastly majesty—
Here will I raise an altar and thereon
Lay these weak limbs, a wretched sacrifice!"
Then from his bosom he a phial drew,
And viewed it with a grim hysterick smile—
"O! precious draught!" he said—"thou art to me,
Like a confidant to a thirsty pilgrim—
Thy cordial power shall butt the rankling pain
That wrings my tortured heart!" Then to his lips
He mis'd, with eager hand, the deadly potion.
Hold! wretched man! I cried—and rushing forth,
Seized his rash hand—while with a ghastly stare,
He eyed me, an evil genius, sent
To cross the fondest purpose of his soul!
His cheeks were lean and hagard, and he seemed
A wretched man, a monument of woe!
(I saw him once in happier days, when joy
Beamed in each feature, and the admiring world
Deny'd him not the early wreath of fame—
But, in a sanguine moment of his youth,
Fell dissipation led his steps astray—
Then did not friend with mild solicitude,
Reach out a gentle hand, to stay his course,
Or to restore him to the path of virtue,
Then, torn and desolute, he keenly felt
The scorn of an uncharitable world;
Whose cold reproach, and fi'own contemptuous

weighed.
His spirits down, and drove him to despair!
I pressed his hand, and with a tender smile
Proffer'd my service—and, while yet I spake,
I saw a tear roll down his faded cheek,
Which was a stranger there; for scorching grief
Had dried, long since the moisture of his eyes.
And then methought I saw a gleam of hope,
Born in a languid smile, illuminate his face—
A gradual increasing smile, which seemed
To sanctify his path—his sorrows soothed, and paus'd
He serenades my ear—and blesses oft
The guardian power that led my curious steps
To the intended scene of self destruction.
Now I do feel more pain, in having thus
Restored a youngh. from misery and vice
To virtue's path—his sorrows soothed, and paus'd
The balm of friendship on his wounded heart—
Pluck'd from his breast the canker of despair,
And planted hope's delighful promise there,
That I should feel for rule the state alone,
Or wade, through bleeding millions, to a throne!

And now, with health and happiness elate,
He lives, to virtue and to friendship true—
Oft with the greatest music of his thanks,
To virtue's path—his sorrows soothed, and paus'd
He serenades my ear—and blesses oft
The guardian power that led my curious steps
To the intended scene of self destruction.
Now I do feel more pain, in having thus
Restored a youngh. from misery and vice
To virtue's path—his sorrows soothed, and paus'd
The balm of friendship on his wounded heart—
Pluck'd from his breast the canker of despair,
And planted hope's delighful promise there,
That I should feel for rule the state alone,
Or wade, through bleeding millions, to a throne!

Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Shawls, silk, cotton and camel's hair
Cotton Varn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Bands, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.
India book, cambrics and mulmull muslins
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Shawls, silk, cotton and camel's hair
Ladies and Gentlemen's silk and cotton hose
Gentlemen's English black silk extra sizes do.
Plain, Fancy, and Doras Pelongs
Ribbons, sewing Silks, cotton and silk Trimmings
Fancy Shawls, silk, cotton and camel's hair
Cotton Varn for Sewing, Knitting and Drawing
Bands, Tapes, velvet Binding and Fans
White and coloured Threads, floss silk and Thread,
with a variety of other Articles, which will be sold
low, wholesale and retail.

May 27 1058—tf